

*In Memoriam*



Diane Afton Aeschliman

November 20, 1944 — October 15, 2023

Saturday, November 4, 2023  
at eleven in the morning

The Congregational Church in Killingworth  
United Church of Christ

## ORDER OF SERVICE

PRELUDE.....Pachelbel Canon in D, Johann Pachelbel

### CALL TO WORSHIP/OPENING PRAYER

John 14: 1-6

Prayer of Invocation and Welcome

### SCRIPTURE READINGS

Psalm 23.....Reverend David Hammett

*The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.*

Matthew 11:28-30.....Neve Burton, granddaughter

*Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.*

Corinthians 1:13.....James Kennedy, son-in-law

*If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.*

*Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.*



*Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.*

*And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.*

MUSIC.....Love Divine, All Loves Excelling  
Charles Wesley

#### READINGS



“Remember Me” by Margaret Mead.....Jack Burton, grandson

To the living, I am gone.  
To the sorrowful, I will never return.  
To the angry, I was cheated,  
But to the happy, I am at peace,  
And to the faithful, I have never left.

I cannot speak, but I can listen.  
I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.  
So as you stand upon a shore gazing at a beautiful sea — remember me.  
As you look in awe at a mighty forest and its grand majesty — remember me.  
As you look upon a flower and admire its simplicity — remember me.

Remember me in your heart, your thoughts, your memories of the times we loved,  
The times we cried, the times we fought, the times we laughed.  
For if you always think of me, I will never be gone.



"Poppies" by Mary Oliver.....Alexa Burton, granddaughter

The poppies send up their  
orange flares; swaying  
in the wind, their congregations  
are a levitation  
  
of bright dust, of thin  
and lacy leaves.  
There isn't a place  
In this world that doesn't  
  
sooner or later drown  
in the indigos of darkness,  
but now, for a while,  
the roughage  
  
shines like a miracle  
as it floats above everything  
with its yellow hair.  
Of course nothing stops the cold,  
  
black, curved blade  
from hooking forward—  
of course

loss is the great lesson.

But also I say this: that light  
is an invitation  
to happiness,  
and that happiness,

when it's done right,  
is a kind of holiness,  
palpable and redemptive.  
Inside the bright fields,

touched by their rough and spongy  
gold,  
I am washed and washed  
in the river  
of earthly delight—

and what are you going to do—  
what can you do  
about it—  
deep blue night?

MUSIC.....Amazing Grace, John Newton

REMEMBRANCES.....Emily Kennedy, granddaughter  
Jeff Burton, son-in-law  
Amy Kennedy, daughter

MUSICAL REMEMBRANCE.....Ave Maria, Franz Schubert  
recording of niece Hilary Aeschliman

"When Earth's Last Picture Is Painted" .....by Rudyard Kipling  
Michael Aeschliman, brother-in-law

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,  
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,  
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it - lie down for an aeon or two,  
Till the Master of All Good Workmen Shall put us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair.  
They shall find real saints to draw from - Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;  
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;  
And no one will work for the money, and no one will work for the fame,  
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are!

MUSIC.....Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee  
Henry Van Dyke, Ludwig van Beethoven

WORDS OF COMFORT  
PRAYER OF COMMENDATION

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses,  
As we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory  
For ever and ever. Amen.

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE .....All Things Bright and Beautiful  
Cecil F. Alexander

Officiant: The Reverend David Hammett, pastor  
Congregational Church in Killingworth UCC



*The family cordially invites you to a reception following the service at  
La Foresta, 163 Route 81, Killingworth*



Keep on loving one another as brothers  
and sisters. Do not forget to show  
hospitality to strangers, for by so doing  
some people have shown hospitality to  
angels without knowing it.

Hebrews 13: 1



*Heartfelt thanks to the many angels  
who cared for and loved our Mom  
and our family*



Diane Afton Aeschliman, age 78, passed away at her home in Killingworth, Connecticut on October 15, 2023. She was surrounded by family and the warm glow of picture lights that illuminated the vibrant paintings she spent her life creating. An artist, wife, mother, grandmother and teacher, Diane led a life of sharing her unique way of seeing beauty and light in the world.



Diane was born in Washington D.C. in 1944 to Margaret Laun Afton and Frank Afton, the third child in the family after her sister Wendy and brother John. After her parents' divorce when she was three, Diane, her mother and her siblings had a life of adventure, which included a cross-country road trip to move from the east coast to California, several years in Paris and back to San Francisco for high school. Diane was a (reluctant) debutante at Palo Alto High. Always an artist and inspired by her artistic exposure and experiences in Europe, she attended the Rhode Island School of Design (RISD) in Providence. On a blind date she met the love of her life, Anthony Aeschliman, who was attending Brown. Their relationship was one of romance and humor as manifested in stacks of cards they made for one another that are works of art in and of themselves. They were married on October 10, 1968 and moved to 44 North Court Street at the base of College Hill in Providence, a charming yellow house with a brick red front door, where they brought their first daughter, Amy, home from the hospital on Valentine's Day in 1972.

With their second daughter, Amanda, on the way, Diane and Tony moved their family to a stunning red farmhouse with white trim in nearby Berkley, Massachusetts. This life was the one Diane wanted—extensive fields stretched out with plenty of space for a garden full of tomatoes, vegetables, and rows and rows of brightly-hued zinnias that were often the subjects of her colorful paintings. Many animals rounded out the picturesque landscape of those years, including two geese, three cats, countless sheep, a black and white dog, and a pony. The interior of the house was the work of an artist—every room rich with color and pattern, and interesting, lovely, and high quality furnishings. Her turpentine-scented studio on the second floor had a picture window that looked out on the weeping willows, sunlit fields, gardens and animals that she loved so much. Despite being a mother of young children, she continued to paint, won several first place awards at the Providence Art Club, and was elected to be a lifetime member as a young artist.

In 1980 the family moved to a 1789 center-chimney colonial in Killingworth, Connecticut. Diane and Tony had found another lovely and pastoral place for their family to settle and for Diane to continue to pursue the things she loved: painting, gardening, and being a mother. The home was one of six that had been taken down and rebuilt around a common that provided a sense of green open space with plenty of room for another lovely garden. Diane was a nurturing mother and worked hard to provide especially nutritious and delicious meals (that were also always served on pretty plates and artfully garnished). She grew many of the vegetables she cooked in her garden, coached her girls' softball team and helped with many a school project. Her daughters often came home to the smell of freshly-baked chocolate chip cookies or homemade chicken soup.

Diane continued to paint and was extremely prolific—she painted hundreds of still lifes, landscapes, and figure paintings along with countless portrait commissions. She also began teaching at the Lyme Art Academy and Lyme Art Association, where she found a warm community of artists who became her dear friends. She was someone who always went the extra mile and loved both giving her time and energy to these places and connecting with students



and peers. An Elected Artist at the Lyme Art Association, she served on its Board of Directors for three years. Among other accolades, she was a six-time award recipient of the Connecticut Society of Portrait Artists, and her work was published in International Artist magazine.

Diane was also an active member of the Killingworth Congregational Church. She and her close friends Ingrid and Sandy spent countless hours on fundraising efforts to support the church through quilt-making and volunteering their time at the summer and winter fairs. All three of them gifted artists, they created an unforgettable Christmas marketplace of lovely things. Singing in the church choir was also something that Diane always looked forward to and enjoyed.

Diane loved her role as a grandmother and relished every moment of being a Nonna to Renee, Emily, Jack, Alexa and Neve. She shared her gift of making all things beautiful with them, and their experience of every holiday was like what her daughters experienced—everything was done with a special touch and an eye for detail. Easter tables had crisp white cloths, lilies in pretty pots, shiny brass candlesticks, porcelain bunnies, and a scattering of pastel chocolate eggs. Beautiful baskets for collecting dyed eggs were adorned with thick satin ribbon. Easter egg decorating was brought to a new level with a rainbow of dye and a hundred markers of every color. Valentine's Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas—each holiday was a feast for the eyes and a memorable experience.

Diane will always be remembered for her quiet generosity, her strong will, her refusal to accept B.S. of any kind, and her deep love for and commitment to her husband, family and work. She was a maverick and a unique beauty inside and out. Her legacy of caring and seeking out the good and beautiful things in people and in the world will be carried on through her children and grandchildren; we are all blessed to have her paintings as daily reminders of her presence and the joyful way she looked at and lived her life.

Diane is survived by her devoted husband, Tony; her daughters, Amy Kennedy and Amanda Burton; her sons-in-law Jim Kennedy and Jeff Burton; her five grandchildren, Renee and Emily Kennedy and Jack, Alexa, and Neve Burton; her sister Wendy Rieder; her brothers-in-law, Michael, Mark, and Nick Aeschliman and their wives Lynn, Simone and Lea Aeschliman; her nieces, Marissa Afton, Erica Rieder, Hilary and Anna Aeschliman; her nephews Adrien, Chris, and Matt Aeschliman, and dear friend Sheila Andrews.



In lieu of flowers, Diane's family wishes to honor her by setting up an endowed annual art prize at the Lyme Art Association. Donations to the establishment of this prize may be made by using the following link: <https://lymeartassociation.org/diane-aeschliman-memorial-fund/> or by going to the Lyme Art Association website.